

Jim Morrison

Warhaus

I am 35 and I'm very much alive
I mean Jim Morrison was just a little kid when he died
There's the story of Icarus and his fall
And something follows me around that connects me to it all

I get the feeling it's growing stronger lately
I tried to hose it down
With the whitest paint of all
But this shadow of mine still drives me crazy
Standing dark and threateningly erect against the wall

It takes a man to love you baby
It takes a man to love you baby

I'm still wondering what's worse, your mediocre sins
Or that you're writing for everyone's approval again
But then again me, whenever I get lonely
I start writing for you and your approval only

So what was I supposed to do with you babe
I know you love your combination of poetry and jazz
Well I'm eloquent, but not that eloquent
I can state something profound about your tits and ass

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I am dangerous, but I'm discreet about violence
I'm the midnight hour striking the city clock in silence
I am dangerous, but I'm discreet about violence
Until they're turning up the heat and I'm burning up in fire

In Papua New Guinea there lives a tribe
Who turn the boys into men with a rite
They believe they have to consume the semen of the adults so their maturity
can take shape
Well that's fucking weird
I guess I should have blown a man before I met you babe

I fought a holy war but believing I did not
Until they showed me the wall where the infidels were shot
I hung around for the chase till I lost track of the scent
Then I joined the statisticians for 33 percent

Then I hung around with the spiritual
But they had a pissing test I just couldn't beat
So I joined the prophets of bad weather
Until one day my sunglasses betrayed me

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There's a woodpecker that keeps me up at night
You just wait for that tree to come down on my pride
I'm obsessing over my artist life
I'm obsessed with the idea of being obsessed with an artist life you see
And I'm working on an idea David Bowie had ages before me

But I just keep grinding away at the factory

Cause I'm 35 and I'm very much alive
I mean Jim Morrison was just a little kid when he died
But I'm gonna live a good life I'm gonna live a straight life
The moment I figure out what the fuck that looks like

One day they made it clear that the teaching had begun
When I saw how to kill a boy who's outnumbered five to one
Hair grew in places where it was not supposed to grow
I wanted to be mature but not so mature that it would show

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I would talk bad about my mother for you
But please don't ask me to
I would fall on my sword for you
But please don't ask me to
I would step into Indian traffic for you
But please don't ask me to
I would draw all the prophets for you
But please don't ask me to
I would pull a stranger's hair out the shower drain for you
But please
I would take a walk on the Kinsey scale for you
Well we both know that's not true
It's just what I have to tell myself I did for you

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